The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1800.

ADDRESS

To the Subſcribers to the Baltimore Weekly Magaziue.

THE time having arrived with the publication of this number, when, according to the original propoſals, the firſt payment of the ſubſcription money to this work becomes due, I reſpectfully call upon my ſubſcribers for prompt payment the enſuing week, when their reſpective accounts will be preſented to them.

IN regard to the encouragement I have met with, it has been peculiarly flattering to my wiſhes, and if the patronage which has hitherto been afforded to the *Magazine* ſhould be continued, it will inſure its future publication.

To pleaſe every perſon I have found a difficulty inſurmountable; for whilſt the more gay and frolic humor of ſome are caught with the keenneſs of an epigram, others more ſentimental or ſtudious, require the tale of ſympathy and the deep philoſophical reſearch; hence the merriment of the one is ſoured by the gravity of the other; and the jocund inclinations of ſportive fancy is obtruſive on the reflections of the ſerious; I have, therefore, endeavored ſo to blend the diverſity of matter, as *generally* to give ſatisfaction—*all I cannot pretend to pleaſe.*

To thoſe who have furniſhed me with their productions, I return my moſt cordial thanks, and truſt, that whilſt the *Magazine* is continued they will not ſuffer the edge of their induſtry to be blunted.

THE ſcarceneſs of publications of this nature may principally be attributed to the anxiety of people generally after political information; it will, conſequently, require ſome time to impreſs on the public mind their uſefulneſs; and as nothing but perſeverance and exertion can effect this, I prepared myſelf from the commencement of the work to encounter many obſtacles, which would of courſe preſent themſelves; and nothing will be a greater aſſiſtant than punctual payments, for *pecunia vincit omnia.*

J. B. COLVIN.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

BONAPARTE.

MANY who view the character of *Bonaparte* with a ſuperficial eye, are apt to attribute to him more talents and abilities than he really poſſeſſes. It may be recollected that at the time this general was purſuing his victories in Italy, *Carnot* was preſident of the Directory: to *Carnot* he was indebted for his appointment to the command of the army of Italy and the various military plans which ultimately proved ſo ſucceſsful: thus we find that Bonaparte in this inſtance was the mere executor of *Carnot*'s projects, in which ſituation he attracted by his good fortune the attention of all Europe. The Egyptian expedition is ſaid to have been a child of his own brain, to which he was probably impelled as much by a deſire of fame as from any other motive. The laſt and moſt conſpicuous ſtroke of good fortune is his elevation to the ſupreme conſulate of France, for which he is evidently indebted to the genius of the abbe *Sieyes*, whoſe profound judgment and vaſt penetration have ſteered him through the ſtormy French revolution, almoſt without cenſure: *Bonaparte* thus ſupported by two of the greateſt characters of the age, one excelling in political knowledge, the other in tactics, it is not poſſible that he could avoid riſing to ſuperior fortune: one thing, however, it muſt be allowed he particularly excels in, which is a talent to turn the abilities of every man to his own advantage.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page 86.*]

CHAP. VII.

Thy ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye;
Thy ſteps I follow, with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north
A Goddeſs violated, brought thee forth;
Immortal Liberty! whoſe look ſublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

SMOLLET.

WILLIAM FREEMAN, under whoſe care our young hero was left, was a man of good family, and reſpectable connexions, who had early in life loſt his parents. Left with a ſmall independent fortune, he had too ſoon felt that independence. With no one to guide or direct him, with guardians indeed, but totally indifferent to his perſon, he had not only learned to think, but to act for himſelf.—Without looking forward to his future welfare, they had ſent him to a public ſchool; and this had moſt effectually prevented his ſettling in any mercantile concern. At the age of eighteen, finding himſelf ſtill unprovided for in any ſituation, he entered himſelf at the Univerſity of Oxford. Here, as little noticed as before, he paſſed away his four years in the ſame unſettled manner as at firſt, and for want of ſome ſteady friend, more irregular than ever in his conduct. He became a party in many wild ſchemes he was totally indifferent about; and having frequently come under the notice of the Proctors, at laſt had his degree put back the very term before he was to have taken it. Diſpirited, diſſatisfied, and diſappointed, he haſtened to London, took apartments in the Temple, and was ſoon involved in all the diſſipation of that gay city. Again ſick of life, of falſe pleaſure, he began to look into his affairs, and to his great ſurpriſe, found that inſtead of receiving at the age of one-and-twenty, as he had always expected, a very handſome fortune, he had little more than two thouſand pounds. Conſcious that his independence was now confined to a very narrow ſcale, he applied himſelf, to what he had before neglected, his ſtudies; again entered his name at Oxford, for in his rage he had taken it out of the books; took his B. A. degree, and in two years after his M. A. He was next ordained Deacon and Prieſt; and meeting with a ſituation that ſuited his ſolitary, I may ſay romantic, turn in Wales, he accepted of the curacy. He had never indulged any hopes of preferment in the church, and ſeemed ſettled for life in the old ruinous caſtle of St. Donats, about half a mile from his cure in the county of Glamorgan. His apartments in the caſtle he hired of the farmer, who rented the eſtate, paid him ſix guineas a year, and was at liberty to uſe what part of the caſtle he thought proper, except a ſmall ſuit of apartments which were ready furniſhed, and generally let to travellers in the ſummer ſeaſon, who wiſhed to retire for a few months to the ſea, cloſe to which St. Donats was ſituated. Reader, ſhall I give thee a deſcription of the ſituation of St. Donats? No—ſo many excellent ones thou mayeſt read in various other caſtles that have been deſcribed by ancient and modern writers, that I ſhall willingly ſpare myſelf the trouble. Yet let me remind thee that upon a high rocky beach that commands a full view of the entrance of the Severn, ſtands the old caſtle; vaſt, ruinous and dreary, with its due proportion of rooms, turrets, and battlements.

Mr. Freeman was near the ſame age as Grey, and bro't up with him at Eton. He had reſided here five years.—His income together with his curacy, was about one hundred and fifty pounds a year. He kept two ſervants, a man and his wife, plain people, natives of the place. He rarely went from home, except once a year to London to viſit ſome old friends; and found himſelf at the year's end perfectly clear in the world, as independent as ever. One hundred and fifty pounds a year in the hands of a philoſophiſing man of ſenſe, in the mountains of Wales, will do wonders; and as Freeman's only care was, that he did not exceed the mark, he, by no means, wiſhed to ſave a tittle. The great good he was able to do, and did do, in the country, was aſtoniſhing, and might make many who can afford to ſpend more in a week than he in a year, hide their diminiſhed heads. The little diſappointments in life, which the impetuous independence of his mind had led him into, had by no means ſoured his temper; and though the haſty glow of anger did ſometimes break thro' the philoſophic patience he daily laboured to be maſter of, he was never peeviſh, croſs or fretful. His conſequence among the neighborhood was very great; for excluſive of his good will to all, he openly befriended the induſtrious, honeſt, and worthy, and diſcountenanced, on every occaſion, the idle and diſſolute; while his words taught them piety, his actions were the pure teſt of his morality; and injuſtice from the firſt farmer in the place to the petty pilferer of an orchard, was certain to be reprobated and condemned by him. Thus it was in his conduct he made no diſtinction; and that independence he gloried in himſelf, he conſtantly ſhewed was true by his impartiality to others. Major Grey had always looked up to him as a character, which in point of reſolution and perſeverance, he was unable to attain himſelf: and while he thought Freeman carried his independence a great way too far ever to get preferment in the church, he could not help admiring, even while he condemned it. Freeman's perſon was tall and thin, his face open and engaging, his manners more looſe than eaſy; and when he ſpoke, the phyſiognomiſt could eaſily diſtinguiſh a cynical ſmile on his countenance. Ah! how unlike the fawning brow of a ſycophant, or the ſupercilious ſneer of the miſanthropiſt! "Did a man like this," my female readers will ſay, "never experience the power of love, what a wretch he muſt be if that is the caſe." But it was not the caſe: Freeman had never been indifferent to the fair ſex; but an early diſappointment of that nature, owing to the want on both ſides of pecuniary concerns, had nipped it in the bud; and this, perhaps, had added to his deſire of retirement, and made him careleſs of the world. Yet ſtill the company of the fair ſex was at all times courted by him, and almoſt the only thing that induced him to ſeek ſociety. He diſregarded, indeed the haughty airs of the conſcious beauty, or proud family miſs, and laughed at the ready ſmiles and fantaſtic ſnares of the coquette, or the affected modeſty of the prude; but with the higheſt pleaſure he converſed with the mild unaſſuming maid, formed in Nature's mould artleſs and innocent; and was ever ready to oblige with the polite attentions of a man of good nature and ſenſe. Such was Freeman, of whom a fair lady once ſaid, "that he wanted but ambition to make him a perfect hero."

carried to 98

FROM THE BOSTON COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

COMPLAINTS of American dulneſs have long been echoed by thoſe whoſe ingenuity would hardly enable

them to compose a paragraph, or whose envy would prevent them from acknowledging that to be meritorious in another to which they could not aspire. It is true our country has not attained that literary merit, as to claim an exalted station, nor deserve peculiar praise. Yet from the aspersions which are cast on every work, which issues from our presses, foreigners would naturally conclude, either that our climate was unfavourable to genius, or that we are thrown into the world with that stupidity, which no efforts could overcome. If, however, we were contemplated as an infant people, when compared with the nations of Europe; and consequently that the patronage cannot be afforded, which is bestowed in elder countries, it will scarcely excite surprise, that we have not made more rapid advances in science. If we remain for a few years unmolested, there is no doubt that encouragement will be offered and adventurers appear to assert their right to the gratitude of contemporaries and the fame of posterity.

Among those who, at the present day, dared to enrol their names on the lists of authors, few are deserving of more just applause than Mr. *Joseph Story*. The public have been favoured with many of his poetic effusions, under the signature of 'HENRY;' but his principal merit is derived from a poem just published on the *Power of Solitude*. The internal merits of this work render it deserving of attentive perusal; and the correct manner in which it is presented to the public, reflects honour on the printer. It consists of two parts; in the first of which he has displayed the effects of solitude *on the mind*, and in the other, its effects *on the heart*. In this he has adopted according to his own acknowledgment, the pertinent division of Zimmerman. It must, however, I think, be confessed, that his obligations to this excellent author are not extensive.

As a specimen of Mr. Story's talents and merits, we will present a few extracts from his work. These will be a better recommendation, than many pages of indiscriminate praise.

'Go view the convents dull monastic gloom,
'Cold as despair, and silent as the tomb,
'Where stern religion rules with bigot sway
'The lingering hour, and damps the tedious day;
'Where holy horrors guard the slumbering earth,
'And thought's bleit transport dies before its birth.
'In vain the cheek with love's carnation glows;
'Or throbbing heart-pulse riots as it flows;
'Vain heaves the snow white breast with passions sigh;
'Rubies the lip, and melts the azure eye;
'Since doom'd by fate, to mouldering relics wed,
'To feed on tears and tenant to the dead.

'Still here are joys, by mental truths refined,
'To lure affliction from the wounded mind,
'Here vestal zeal on rapture's pinion soars,
'With eye of fate the future scene explores,
'Leads faultering hope through error's dubious road,
'And lights the trembling soul to heaven's abode."

The influence of solitude on old age is thus finely described.

'When age has quench'd enamoured fancy's beam,
'And of its colouring robbed hope's sapphire dream;
'When, youth's warm lustre flown the reckless eye,
'Man turns to mourn, and recollects to sigh;
'Ah! What can then subdue the unequal strife,
'As slow consumes the wakeful pulse of life?
'When still he feels his nerveless frame decay,
'And deepening glooms oppress the shutting day;
'The dear companions of remembered youth,
'Whose smile was rapture, and whose language, truth,
'Swept to the grave—alone of all the train,
'Who whilom sported o'er the breezy plain,
'Like some rude column desolately cast,
'Left the sad chronicle of transports past;
'What e'er the busy scene of life displays,
'But wakens transports of anterior days,
'And still of early sports, as memory speaks,
'The big tear trickles o'er his furrowed cheeks,
'Till, like the stranger Greek, he sighs distrest;
'My age is past, oh, lay me down to rest.

'Yet let not virtue fear time's secret rage;
'Her's are delights, which every pain assuage;
'Which still as life declines, with soothing charm
'Its rigors soften and its pangs disarm,
'For here retirement decks her fragrant bowers,
'Culls richest sweets, and wakes empurpled hours;
'For her thought weaves the balmy couch of peace,
'Stills the quick pulse, and bids its flutterings cease;
'While meek religion points with eager eyes,
'Where rapture triumphs, and misfortune dies.'

His Apostrophe to Solitude, is simple, correct, and impressive.

'O dear seclusion, friend of nuptial joy,
'Thine are the sweets of love that never cloy;
'Vain is the midnight pomp, the masquerade,
'Where ideot grandeur flaunts in gay parade:
'One moment here, by years of anguish gain'd,
'Outweighs more wealth than miser ever feign'd;
'Here nature lives in virtue's form confest,
'And wisdom triumphs in her offspring blest.'

We are happy in recommending this work to public notice. Mr. Story is a young man from whose abilities and industry much may be expected; and it is fondly hoped, that his laudable exertions to rise will not be frustrated by the neglect of those who are in situations to bestow encouragement, and thus be instrumental of bringing forward those productions, which otherwise must "blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Fashionable Miscellany.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
That binds their peace, but sympathy of soul.

THOMSON.

NO complaint is more frequently urged than the infelicity of matrimonial connections, and yet there is no state into which such numbers enter, in defiance of antiquated precepts, and blind to juvenile example. To the serious eye of contemplation, marriage is an institution calculated to promote individual happiness, increase the comforts of society, and agreeable to the designs of religion. It may not therefore be useless to enquire, whence arises the prevalency of discontent in persons thus united; whether it be the unavoidable consequence of their union, or whether it does not often originate from a choice capriciously made expectations that could never be equalled, and interest deservedly foiled? As some portion of riches is necessary to smooth the rocks of existence, so an inordinate accumulation of wealth may increase the miseries it was intended

to avert. He whose views are directed towards the pinnacle of affluence, will overlook the vale of benevolence; every generous emotion will be abforbed in the whirlpool of ambition, and virtue and beauty will be facrificed at the fhrine of imaginary grandeur. When any lady is mentioned as an object of fuitable alliance, his firft enquiries are concerning her fortune; if fhe be rich, all deformities are overlooked; but if her only portion be merit, what man in his fenfes would think of marrying her? Connections fo formed are not likely to produce unanimity; yet many who marry only with fuch motives, have the audacity to complain of their unhappinefs, invade the peace of mankind, and murmur at the juftice of their deftiny.

Elated expectation, and capricious determination, are alike the bane of connubial joy. He who in the ardor of paffion can fee nothing in his miftrefs but angelic perfection, will at a remoter period be convinced, by the microfcope of difcernment, that fhe is a woman, who, however accomplifhed and virtuous, is not elevated beyond the reach of frailty.

It is an old maxim, that he who marries in haſte will repent at leifure —This may not be ſtrictly juſt, as ſhort courtſhips ſometimes terminate in happy marriages. But he who is impelled by caprice to a haſty ſelection, is ſeldom ſatisfied with his partner; and as it was the whim of a moment, he muſt not be ſurpriſed if followed by the repentance of years.

Flavius had in his early days acquired ſuch a fund of information, as joined to a good underſtanding, led him to revolve the various ſituations of life, and eſtimate their comparative benefits. The conſequence was, a perſuaſion that he only was ſerviceable to the community who endeavoured to enlarge his circle of influence for the general good; and that ſuch aims were only to be accompliſhed by the marriage union, begun with love and ratified by virtue. Theſe conſiderations were confirmed by the modeſt beauties of Myrtilla; in her he ſaw the ſmile of innocence animated with the ſoul of ſenſibility, and the ſimplicity of nature adorned with the graces of accompliſhment. Love, which is always reſpectful, taught him juſtly to eſtimate and admire her worth. Myrtilla perſuaded of his ſincerity, heard his profeſſions with eſteem, and admitted his addreſſes with pleaſure. I accidentally ſaw a letter written by Flavius to Myrtilla before their marriage; it contains not the vehemence of deſire, but the ſincerity of affection; he ſpeaks of the toils they muſt ſuffer, which his attention ſhall endeavour to alleviate; and concludes with inexpreſſible joy at the thought of an eternal union of minds, where adverſity can never ſeparate. They have been married ſome years are bleſſed with dutiful children, and find that their attachment was not a deluſion from which they have been awakened by experience, but a reality which time conſolidates, and eternity will complete.

Without reciprocal regard, concord cannot exiſt Even where the garland of hymen is formed by the hand of love, and mutual eſteem has tied the indiſſoluble knot, uneaſineſs will ſometimes appear; but it is tranſient, and ſuch vapors will quickly vaniſh before the luſtre of an unextinguiſhable flame.

When any are inclined to repine at their allotment, let them recollect whether caprice, expectation or intereſt, have not occaſioned their various diſappointments; and remember, that happineſs reſults not from chance, that imagination is ſeldom realized, and that avarice may be puniſhed with anxiety.

THE FATAL LETTER.

The following love adventure is recorded in Arthur Wilſon's Life of James I. To clear it of the faults of this author's vicious ſtyle, one muſt get quit of his expreſſions.

WHEN the daughter of James the firſt married the Palatine, many Engliſh ſoldiers of fortune followed her; amongſt theſe gentlemen was one Duncomb, who was an officer in the Earl of Oxford's company. He left a beautiful miſtreſs behind him in England, to whom he had offered vows of the moſt faithful paſſion; accompanied by a promiſe of marriage. Her fortune was however ſmall, and his father threatened to diſinherit him if he carried his deſign into execution. To alienate his affections from this lady, he ſent him to the palatinate, where he conceived time and abſence would efface the impreſſions which love had made upon his heart. He charged him at his departure never to think of her more, if he wiſhed to be remembered by him. Our lover had been now abſent for ſome time, and his heart breathed with undiminiſhed affection. He reſolved to give way to the preſſure of his feelings; and for this purpoſe wrote to his miſtreſs, aſſuring her that no threats or anger of his unfeeling parents ſhould ever baniſh the tender recollection of their reciprocal paſſion. Our youth who was a careful lover, but a careleſs writer, having occaſion to write to his father at the ſame time, addreſſed his father's letter (in which he renounces his miſtreſs for ever) to his miſtreſs; and the letter of his miſtreſs to his father, in which he promiſes a durable paſſion. The father, with harſh and cruel indignation, ſent to his ſon a letter of the moſt unkind nature. Whether it was this letter, or a ſenſe of ſhame for the miſtake that had happened, that ſhe ſhould ſee he had renounced her; the lover alive to the fineſt ſenſibilities, run himſelf on his ſword, and his death was ſincerely lamented by all the Engliſh in the Palatinate.

YELLOW FEVER.

THE following extract from a Voyage to the South Seas, lately publiſhed by Captain Colnett, of the Royal Navy, is highly deſerving of the attention of all commanders of ſhips and others who go into hot climates, as it exhibits a ſucceſsful mode of treating the Yellow Fever, a diſorder, which, alas! has ſo often baffled the ſkill of medical practitioners (page 80) :—

"The whole crew had been more or leſs affected by the Yellow Fever, from which horrid diſorder I was however ſo fortunate as to recover them, by adopting the method that I ſaw practiſed by the Natives of Spaniſh America, when I was a priſoner among them. On the firſt ſymptoms appearing, the fore part of the head was immediately ſhaved, and then temples and poll waſhed with vinegar and water. The whole body was then immerſed in warm water, to give a free courſe to perſpiration: ſome opening medicine was afterwards adminiſtered, and every four hours, a doſe of ten grains of *James's Powders*. If the patient was thirſty, the drink was weak white wine and water, and a ſlice of bread to ſatisfy an inclination to eat. An increaſing appetite was gratified by a ſmall quantity of ſoup, made from the mucilaginous part of the turtle, with a little vinegar in it. I alſo gave the ſick ſweetmeats and other articles from my private ſtock whenever they expreſſed a diſtant wiſh for any, which I could ſupply them with. By this mode of treatment, the whole crew immediately improved in their health, except the carpenter, who, though a very ſtout, robuſt man, was at one time

in such a state of delirium, and so much reduced, that I gave him over; but he at length recovered."

A more judicious treatment of this disorder could not have been devised. The same good sense, indeed, which directed the medical concerns (for there was no surgeon on board) seems to have prevailed upon every occasion of difficulty or danger, which required nautical skill; but of this we are the less surprised, when we find that Captain Colnett had served under that celebrated navigator, Captain Cook; to whose work this publication will no doubt be considered as a valuable supplement.

ON OECONOMY.

From Mr. Burke's letter to a Noble Lord.

Mere parsimony is not œconomy. It is separable in theory from it; and it may, or may not, be a *part* of œconomy, according to circumstances. Expence, and great expence, may be an essential part in true œconomy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the kinds of that virtue, there is however another and an higher œconomy. Oeconomy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct, of the noblest kind, may produce this false œconomy in perfection. The other œconomy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and wider, to unpresuming merit.

From the same letter we extract the following portrait of vitiated philosophy; we think it a faithful likeness of *Marat.*

I have lived long and variously in the World. Without any considerable pretensions to literature in myself, I have aspired to the love of letters. I have lived for a great many years in habitudes with those who professed them. I can form a tolerable estimate of what is likely to happen from a character, chiefly dependent for fame and fortune, on knowledge and talent, as well in its morbid and perverted state, as in that which is sound and natural. Naturally men so formed and finished are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But when they have once thrown off the fear of God, which was in all ages too often the case, and the fear of man; which is now the case, and when in that state they come to understand one another, and to act in corps, a more dreadful calamity cannot arise out of Hell to scourge mankind. Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough bred metaphysician. It comes nearer the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the principal of evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated defecated evil. It is no easy operation to eradicate humanity from the human breast. What Shakespeare calls "the compunctious visitings of nature," will sometimes knock at their hearts, and protest against their murderous speculations. But they have a means of compounding with their nature. Their humanity is dissolved. They only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare, that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable, that they never see any way to their projected good, but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering thro' the wild waste of centuries added to centuries, of misery and desolation. Their humanity is at their horizon, it always flies before them. The geometricians, and the chymists bring, the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the foot of their furnaces, dispositions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habitudes, which are the supports of the moral world. Ambition is come upon suddenly; they are intoxicated with it, and it has rendered them fearless of the danger, which may from thence arise to others or to themselves. These philosophers, consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas.

Extracted from the Studies of Nature.

[BY ST. PIERRE.]

THE greater part of the inhabitants of polished nations, look on Nature with indifference. They are surrounded by her works, and they admire only human grandeur. But what is there in the history of man, that renders it half so interesting as that of Nature? The history of man has to boast only of vain objects of glory, of uncertain opinions, of bloody victories, or at most, of useless labors. If ever nature is mentioned, we are called upon to hear of the ravages she has committed, and to place those misfortunes to her account which are almost always the results of our own imprudence. What care, on the contrary, does not this our common mother take of our happiness! She has spread her blessings from one pole to another, in order to encourage the union of mankind by the reciprocal communication of her productions; she is perpetually calling us back to the universal laws of justice and humanity, notwithstanding the prejudices that separate mankind, by causing our evils to come from the hands of our conquerors, whom we highly extol, and our pleasures from the labors of the wretched and oppressed, to whom we scarcely vouchsafe our pity.

When the princes of Europe issued forth to desolate Asia, they brought back to us the pestilence, the leprosy, and the small pox; but Nature shewed to a Dervise

The Coffee Plant

in the mountains of Yemen, and produced at the same time, our plagues from the croisades, and our delights of the cup from a Mahometan monk. The successors of these princes* subjugated America; and have bestowed on us, by that atchievement, an inexhaustible succession of wars and of diseases. While these were murdering the inhabitants with their cannon, a Caraib invited the sailors, in token of peace, to smoke in his *calumet*; the perfume of tobacco dissipated their cares, and they spread the use of it over all the earth: thus while the miseries of the two worlds came from artillery, which kings call their *last argument*, the consolation of a civilized people came from the pipe of a savage!

* *Alluding particularly to the Spaniards, and their crimes in South America.*

CALUMNY.

CALUMNY may be defined in brief, a false, injurious detraction from the character of any person. Its origin is generally obscure, and its progress rapid. It is the cogitation of beings whose bosoms are a prey to mistrust, to envy, are inured to vice, and are totally estranged from virtue. He who is but moderately wicked, dares

not venture upon it; and he who has but a ſpark of ingenuity, diſdains it. From a ſmall begining it uſually progreſſes 'till *reputation*, the faireſt and moſt eſtimable portion we can poſſeſs on earth, falls an untimely ſacrifice, and innocence is conſigned to irretrievable infamy. The moſt contemptible of all weapons is the tongue of a liar and a fool! who can enumerate the material and bad conſequences that daily ſpring from this ſource, to mar the peace of ſome worthy member of community, whoſe only inheritance is a good name, and whoſe ſole dependence is an unſpotted character?—alas! I know a victim ******* May heaven his ſhattered peace repair.

The POETICAL GARLAND *of* JULIA.

HUET has given a charming deſcription of a preſent made by a lover to his miſtreſs; a gift which romance has ſeldom equalled for its gallantry, ingenuity, and novelty. It was called the garland of Julia. To underſtand the nature of this gift, it will be neceſſary to give the hiſtory of the parties.

The beautiful Julia d'Angennes was in the flower of her youth and fame when the celebrated Guſtavus, king of Sweden, was making war in Germany with the moſt ſplendid ſucceſs. Julia expreſſed her warm admiration of this hero. She had his portrait placed on her toilette, and took pleaſure in ſaying that ſhe would have no other lover than Guſtavus. The Duke de Montauſier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer. A ſhort time after the death of Guſtavus, he ſent her as a new-year's gift, the *poetical garland*, of which the following is a deſcription.

He has painted in miniature the moſt beautiful flowers, by an eminent artiſt, on pieces of vellum, all of one ſize. Under every flower a ſufficient ſpace was left open for the admiſſion of a madrigal on the ſubject of that flower which was there painted. He ſolicited the wits of the time, with moſt of whom he was well acquainted, to aſſiſt in the compoſition of theſe little poems, reſerving a conſiderable number for the effuſions of his own amorous muſe. Under every flower he had his madrigal written by a penman, who was celebrated for beautiful writing. He had them afterwards magnificently bound, and encloſed the whole in a bag of rich Spaniſh leather. This gift, when Julia awoke on New-Year's day, ſhe found lying on her toilette.

I muſt not neglect the further information Huet gives concerning this Poetical Garland, formed by the hands of wit and love. 'As I had long heard of it,' he ſays, 'I frequently expreſſed a wiſh to ſee it: at length the ducheſs of Uzez gratified me with the ſight. She locked me in her cabinet, one afternoon, with this garland; ſhe then went to the queen, and at the cloſe of the evening liberated me. I never paſſed a more agreeable afternoon.'

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

SOME years ago an arch wag, having obſerved in the progreſs of animal magnetiſm, the eaſe with which the public might be duped, went to Biggleſwade, a market-town in Bedfordſhire, England; and announced to the inhabitants, that he was ſo happy as to have had the power given to him of curing diſeaſes; and that, for the benefit of the good people of Biggleſwade, he would attend at the pump in the middle of the town on the three ſucceeding mornings, for the purpoſe of curing all that might apply to him. This he benevolently undertook, at the ſmall expence of two pence a piece. The next morning according to his promiſe, he attended at the pump, whither alſo repaired many of the country folks to pay their two-pences, and have all their malaiſes removed. The operation conſiſted in taking ſome of the water in the palm of his hand, as it flowed from the pump, and with it waſhing the face of each of his patients, which he performed with the requiſite dexterity, and much to the ſatisfaction of his employers. Simple and trifling as the operation may appear, yet it is certain, the effects produced were ſuch, that on the following morning the number of his patients was nearly double; and was, on the third morning, ſo conſiderably encreaſed, that ſatisfied with the event of his experiment, and the number of two-pences he had obtained, he retired from town the following evening, leaving ſcarcely a dirty face in all Biggleſwade.

"ONE KIND KISS BEFORE WE PART!"

A young lady having purchaſed an aſſortment of muſic at a ware houſe, ſituated in the weſtern part of Philadelphia, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece which ſhe had neglected to buy. "Sir," ſaid ſhe, on entering the ſhop, "there is yet one thing which I have forgot, and which I muſt now requeſt you to give me." "And what is that?" aſked the young muſic ſeller. "It is, ſir," replied ſhe, (heſitating and running over the titles of the muſic ſhe had in her hand) "it is ——" One kind kiſs before we part."—The gay youth vaulting inſtantaneouſly over the table, ſaluted the fair ſtranger! .... It is ſcarcely neceſſary to inform the reader, (who will recollect the ſong. "One kind kiſs before we part!") that it was an air of a leſs touching nature than the one given by our hero, which the lady expected to receive.

The General Advantages of Solitude.

[*From the German of M. Zimmerman.*]

'SOLITUDE engages the affections of men, whenever it holds up a picture of tranquility to their view. The doleful and monotonous ſound of the clock of a ſequeſtered monaſtery, the ſilence of nature in a ſtill night, the pure air on the ſummit of a high mountain, the thick darkneſs of an ancient foreſt, the ſight of a temple fallen into ruins, inſpire the ſoul with a ſoft melancholy, and baniſh all recollection of the world and its concerns. But the man who cannot hold a friendly correſpondence with his own heart, who derives no comfort from the reflections of his mind, who dreads the idea of meditation, and is fearful of paſſing a ſingle moment with himſelf, looks with an equal eye on Solitude and on death. He endeavours to enjoy all the voluptuouſneſs which the world affords; drains the pernicious cup of pleaſure to its dregs; and until the dreadful moment approaches when he beholds his nerves ſhattered, and all the powers of his ſoul deſtroyed, he has not courage to make the delayed confeſſion, "*I am tired of the world, and all its idle follies, and now prefer the mournful ſhades of the cypreſs to the intoxication of its noiſy pleaſure and tumultuous joys.*"

'The dangers to which a life of Solitude is expoſed, for even in Solitude many real dangers exiſt, afford no ſubſtantial argument againſt it; as by a judicious employ-

ment of the hours of activity and repose, and approve vigilance upon the desires of the heart they may be easily eluded. The adventurous navigator, when acquainted with the signal of approaching dangers, and the situation of those rocks and shoals which threaten his safety, no longer fears the perils to which he was before exposed. The advantages of Solitude are still less disproved by the complaints of those who, feeling a continual desire to escape from themselves, are incapable of every enjoyment but what the world affords; to whom retirement and tranquility appear vapid and fatiguing; and who, unconscious of any nobler pleasure than that of paying or receiving visits, have of course no idea of the delights of Solitude.

'It is therefore, only to those distinguished beings who can resort to their own bosoms for an antidote against disquiet, who are fearless of the numerous sacrifices which virtue may demand, whose souls are endowed with sufficient energy to drive away the dread of being alone, and whose hearts are susceptible of the pure and tranquil delights of domestic felicity, that I pretend to recommend the advantages of Solitude. The miserable being in whose bosom the corruptions of the world have already destroyed these precious gifts of nature; who knows no other happiness than what cards or the luxury of a richly furnished table afford; who disdains all exercise of the understanding, thinks all delicacy of sentiment unnatural, and by a brutality almost inconceivable, laughs at the sacred name of sensibility: must be lost to virtue, and utterly incapable of pleasure from any operations of his own mind.'

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A PERIODICAL writer, in order to procure himself readers, should endeavour to render his works agreeable to every palate, but, though he should season his papers to the taste in vogue, he should not entirely give up his own judgment. As *Cowley* has it, the world may so come in a man's way, that he may salute it, but he should not go a whoreing after it.

You may know what a gentleman thinks of you, by the behaviour of his servants, while they wait at table. These people are sincere friends to their masters, and have his honor and glory so much at heart, that they generally place their affections and resentments upon the same object.

On the contrary you may know what the waiting maid thinks of you by the reception you meet with from her mistress, for at present all young ladies are directed in their opinions concerning the men by what Mrs. *Betty* is pleased to say at the toilet, and if she declares, "O "ma'am, he's a fine man—I loves to see him like any "thing," or, oh! the fright!—I hate the sight of him," you are sure to find the consequences of it at the first meeting.

People of the same profession frequently spend their time in envying each other; whereas, if they were actuated by *emulation*, and each would mind his own business, every man would find his account in it; as at play, the way is, not to be fretting at the cards you suppose your adversary may have, but to make the best of your own hand.

The best comment on the writings of lord *Bolingbroke*, would be a review of his life.

Baltimore.

NEWS.

BY an arrival at New-York from Liverpool, *European Intelligence* is received in town to the 21st of May; the principal articles of which relate to the engagements between the French and Austrians, in the Genoese and on the Rhine; from which it appears that Massena is closely hemmed in by the Austrians at Genoa; where he has only 10,000 men to defend himself with, after several very bloody engagements and the loss of a vast number of men; Bonaparte was hastening to his relief with the army of reserve, and it was expected would compel the Austrian General Melas to withdraw his troops; but should not Bonaparte's march be sufficiently rapid, Massena and Genoa must fall into the hands of their enemies. On the other hand the French armies have proved completely victorious on the Rhine, under Moreau, who, after fifteen day's marching and continual fighting, has killed, wounded and taken prisoners *twenty-one thousand Austrians*, many pieces of artillery and several standards, and forced them to retreat beyond Donaueschingen. An attempt had been made on the life of the King of Great Britain, by a person who fired at him in the box of one of the Theatres in London with a large horse pistol; he received no injury: the man was immediately arrested, examined and committed to prison. A secret expedition is forming in England for the South of France. The Brest fleet was about to sail with 24,000 men on board, but was prevented by the appearance of the British off the coast. No accounts have been received from our commissioners destined to treat with the French Government.

The merchants in the United States have expressed considerable indignation at the behaviour of the British Captain Pellew in capturing so many American vessels, and that even close to our shores; it appears that he receives information of their sailing and lies in wait for them

MARRIAGE.

MARRIED, on Thursday evening the 3d instant, Mr. *James M'Evoy*, to Miss *Mary-Ann Hickley*.

DEATHS.

DIED, on Monday evening last in this city, Mr. *Anthony Otto*, in the 75th year of his age.

—— On Tuesday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. *Sarah Tyson*, wife of Mr. *Nathan Tyson*, merchant of this city.

A CARD.

A FRIEND to Reason and Scripture presents his best respects to "*a Serious Christian*;" and is very anxious to be favoured through the medium of the next week's Magazine, with some of the "*various proofs both rational and scriptural*," for the "*justness*" of the "*explanation*" given by the "*Serious Christian*" of the ninth verse of Saint Jude's Epistle; otherwise we can only admire its ingenuity, and not its truth.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Tranſlation from the French.

TO HER WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND IT.

UNSKILL'D in the language of art,
Fair Eliza, attend to my tale—
To the genuine voice of the heart,
And let my ſond wiſhes prevail.

In ſilence, tho' long I've ſuppreſt
The fond paſſion your beauty inſpir'd,
And nurs'd the pure flame in my breaſt,
And ſilently gaz'd and admir'd:

Yet love, mighty love now denies
Any longer in ſecret to mourn,
But breathes its ſoft paſſion in ſighs,
In hopes to receive a return.

Tho' fine beaux may ſpeak ſofter of love,
In ſtrains more exalted and fine,
Yet believe me they never can prove
A paſſion ſo ardent as mine.

Then ſay lovely maid when remov'd *
From all that my ſoul holds moſt dear,
From each object I tenderly lov'd,
And my ſolace at eve is a tear.

In that penſive hour may I dare
To believe that you ſtill live for me;
That your heart and affections you ſhare
With your A— Y— who doats upon thee.

PHILESEMNOS.

Baltimore—June 1800.

* *He was about to leave the City.*

E L I Z A.

[*From Darwin's Botanic Garden.*]

SO ſtood *Eliza* on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, ſpectatreſs of the fight,
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody ſtrife
Her dearer ſelf, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the ruſhing hoſt purſued,
And view'd his banner—or believ'd ſhe view'd!
Pleas'd with the diſtant roar, with quicker tread
Faſt by her hand one liſping boy ſhe led;
And one fair Girl, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her 'kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart—
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart!

Near and more near th' intrepid Beauty preſs'd,
Saw, thro' the driving ſmoke, his dancing creſt;
Saw on his helm her Virgin hands inwove
Bright ſtars of gold, and myſtic knots of love;
Heard the exulting ſhout—"They run; they run!"
"Great GOD!" ſhe cried, "He's ſafe! the Battle's won!"
A ball now hiſſes thro' the airy tides
(Some Fury wing'd it, and ſome Dæmon guides!)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and ſinks into her neck;
The red ſtream iſſuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her iv'ry boſom ſtains:
"Ah me!" ſhe cried, and ſinking on the ground,
Kiſs'd her dear babes regardleſs of the wound:—
"Oh, ceaſe not yet to beat thou vital Urn;
"Wait, guſhing Life—oh, wait my Love's return!
"Hoarſe barks the wolf, the vulture ſcreams from far;
"The Angel *Pity* ſhuns the walks of war:
"Oh, ſpare, ye war-hounds, ſpare their tender age!
"On me, on me," ſhe cried, "exhauſt your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes careſs'd,
And ſighing, hid them in her blood-ſtain'd veſt.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and phrenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls—
Eliza echoes thro' the canvaſs walls;
Quick thro' the murm'ring gloom his footſteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo, dead *Eliza* welt'ring in her blood!

Soon hears his liſt'ning Son the welcome ſounds;
With open arms and ſparkling eyes he bounds—
'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand:
'*Eliza* ſleeps upon the dew-cold ſand;
'Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers preſs'd,
'And tried, with pouting lips her milkleſs breaſt:
'Alas, we both with cold and hunger quake!
'Why do we weep?—*Mama* will ſoon awake.'

'She'll wake no more,' the hopeleſs mourner cried,
'Upturn'd his eyes, and cla[illegible]'d his hands and ſighed:
Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranc'd he lay,
"And preſs'd warm kiſſes on the lifeleſs clay,"
And then upſprung with cold convulſive ſtart—
And all the Father kindled in his heart:
'Oh, Heavens!' he cried, 'my firſt raſh vow forgive,
'Theſe bind to earth—for *theſe* I pray to live!'

Round his chill Babes he wrapp'd his crimſon veſt,
And claſp'd them ſobbing to his aching breaſt.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Tom, about reading they make a great ſquall;
I'll read Shakeſpeare's plays with the beſt of them all:
Your manner, ſays Dick, muſt infallibly ſtrike,
Since all men agree, *You read all things alike.*

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